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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

The wind on the fields,
The breath of God over the face of the ground,
Whispers a word
The tribes of his leafy dominion rejoice having heard.

Crimson of Indian willow,
Orange of maple plume,
As a web of endless pattern
Falls from a soundless loom.

The wide green marvel of summer
Breaks from catkin and sheath,
So silently only a spirit
Could guess at the spirit beneath.

The revel of leaves is beginning,
The riot of sap is astir;
Dogwood and peach and magnolia
Have errands they will not defer.

In the long sweet breath of the rainwind,
In the warm, sweet hours of sun,
They arise at the *Sursum corda,*
A thousand uplifted as one.

—*Bliss Carmen.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXI. THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1918 NUMBER 11

A PRAYER.

Until I lose my soul and lie
Blind to the beauty of the earth,
Deaf tho' a lyric wind goes by,
Dumb in a storm of mirth;

Until my heart is quenched at length
And I have left the land of men,
Oh let me love with all my strength
Careless if I am loved again.

—*Sara Teasdale.*

The *National Geographic Magazine* for March gives an account of "A Unique Republic, where Smuggling is an Industry." We are not quite clear wherein the uniqueness of it lies. Is smuggling in one form or another practiced only in this far off community among the high peaks of the Pyrenees, or does its uniqueness lie in the frankness of the business?

The leading article in the *Survey* for May 4th is concerned with "Negroes Move North" by George Edmund Haynes, Professor of Social Science, Fisk University; Educational Secretary National League on Urban Conditions among Negroes. The *Survey* is among the most alert publications in the country. It discusses sociology in the present tense and in its practical application. The "problem" of the negro must be approached from the standpoint of Professor Haynes. It is a question of ethics rather than of economy; the roots of the problem lie in philosophy and religion, not in the ordinances of city councils and the prohibitions of real estate boards.

The *No-Tobacco Journal* for May, published in Butler, Indiana, still continues its apparently imbecile campaign, it invites smiles and provokes ridicule. But still it represents a cause for which science, economy, public decency and individual health will compel a hearing. This number discusses How Tobacco Cuts Down the Safety Margin, No Further Excuse for Sending Tobacco to Soldiers; Tobacco's Part in the Degeneracy of the Human Race; Tobacco as a Vital Source of Disease and Death, and much informing news. Do not sneer, gentlemen! Do not laugh, ladies! Do not spurn it, young soldiers! Do not ignore it, ye gospelers of the purer life and leaders in the work of training young men in the way of spiritual and physical cleanliness!

George Russell, "A.E.," the eminent poet, the man who next to William B. Yeats represents the better spirit of Ireland in literature, has been interpreting the Irish situation in the *Manchester Guardian*. He speaks of that which he not only knows but feels when he says:

> Never since the union has Ireland's self-consciousness of her nationality been more vivid, passionate and dominant than today, he proceeds:
>
> "It is at this moment that Ireland is denied rights over either soul or body. The principles for which Great Britain is contending in this war may be right. Many who most bitterly oppose this British policy in Ireland think they are right.
>
> * * * * *
>
> "What moral strength can come from a nation broken in its pride, shamed and bleeding? What aid to military power will be those who would now as readily turn their arms against your officers as against the enemy?
>
> "I say to the English people, 'Drop this thing and seek a way of friendship. It is not yet too late. Allow Ireland the freedom in government the majority of her people ask, and trust to those who are free to defend a freedom guaranteed by imperial law.'"

After the seizure of Alsace and Lorraine, the first meeting of the Interparliamentary Union was called in Berlin. This Union was to include representatives from all the congresses, parliaments and self-governing bodies of the world, and its purpose was to bring about rational relations among the great nations. The representatives of France refused to attend. They would not go to Prussia to find themselves and their nation insulted. One only, Frédéric Passy of Paris, took a broader view. "I will go to Berlin," he said, "and I will not be insulted." And he went and took his part in the work for better understanding which should at last make war unthinkable. The present writer remembers, as one of the fine moments of life, a visit to the aged Passy at his home at Neuilly-sur-Seine, in which, forty years later, the veteran peace worker showed him the photograph of the first meeting of the Interparliamentary Union. In this picture, there in the central seat, the place of honor, appears the brave deputy of France. D. S. J.

Our religious exchanges are burdened with the discussion of religious unity, their editorials and sermons galore preach a coming together. But most of the talk is among the "branches" of the Christian churches. Division took place lower down and the union must begin down there. Any union of the sects that is union will mean a lot of trimming of superfluous "activities," the sacrifice of a lot of offices and officers, the abandonment of committees and a forsaking of the one holy crusade in which the modern minister is an expert, namely, the raising of money

for missionary work. Movements so closely allied as the Universalists and Unitarians, whose constituencies are indistinguishable outside their church doors, the so-called "Christian" communion of the Disciples church, the various Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist subdivisions, will not come together until they sacrifice many "headquarters," demote a lot of officials to the ranks and doom them to work for a living in the mission fields of the world rather than the overcropped fields of the denominations.

Perhaps there never was a more heroic attempt to mingle piety and patriotism, to interpret Christianity in terms of the military, and to save souls by the bloody road of the battlefield than that now being practiced by Billy Sunday in the great tabernacle in Chicago. He mingles in lurid rhetoric his denunciation of the Devil and the Kaiser and Hell and Germany seem to be familiar friends and contiguous territory in his geography. As if evangelistic initiative was not adequate, the governments have ventured to ignore the boundaries between Church and State. A circular from the War Council of the Y. M. C. A., issued from its headquaters, is before us announcing that "*Gypsy Smith, the noted English evangelist, is in this country at the request of the British government, delivering addresses in the larger cities with the object of stirring up patriotism and incidentally presenting the work of the Red Triangle among the men at the front.*" This announcement ended with the information that Mr. Smith was to speak in Billy Sunday's tabernacle on Monday, May 13, and the ministers were asked to extend the notice. This is doubtless efficient patriotism and will contribute to the efficiency of the armies now arrayed against other armies. But there is room for misgiving as to the benign influence of this unholy marriage of war and religion upon the spirit of the Twentieth Century. A simple *Yes* or *No*, a *black* or *white*, a *saved* or *damned*, a *Christian* or *Unchristian* nation represent the simplified ethics adapted to war, war times and warring nations, but the profounder philosophy of the centuries, the deeper intuitions of the human soul, the clarified vision of the saints and saviors of the world find the seed of skepticism, irreverence, treason and impiety in such expedient but fallacious philosophy. Billy Sunday and Gypsy Smith may be content in relegating all Huns to Hell and in giving to all those who wear the uniform of the Allies "titles clear to mansions in the skies," but certain tasks ascribed to Him whose lead they affect to follow are confusing to those who would fain "hit the sawdust trail" recommended by these evangelists. "Judge not that ye be not judged!" "Neither do I condemn thee; go sin no more!" In the philosophy of the Nazarene the humble publican rather than the confident pharisee seems to be the more acceptable.

How It Seems to Be a "Non-Resident"

Mark Twain has been in his grave some eight years. Twenty-five years or more before that he wrote "The Mysterious Stranger," a most characteristic skit apparently intended for his own amusement and that of a few friends. A private edition of two hundred and fifty copies alone was given to the world during his life time.

This "Mysterious Stranger" comes from an extra-human realm, and in his visit to the earth made some civic and political suggestions as pertinent now as when he wrote them. Here is one of the lessons he gave to the complacent inhabitants of earth who boast of their civilization and carry the banners of Christianity:

> Monarchies, aristocracies and religions are all based upon that large defect in your race—the individual's distrust of his neighbor, and his desire, for safety or comfort's sake, to stand well in his neighbor's eye. These institutions will always remain, and always flourish, and always oppress you, affront you and degrade you, because you will always be and remain slaves of minorities. There was never a country where the majority of the people were in their secret hearts loyal to any of these institutions.
>
> * * * *
>
> You perceive that you have made continual progress. Cain did his murder with a club; the Hebrews did their murders with javelins and swords; the Greeks and Romans added protective armor and the fine arts of military organization and generalship; the Christian has added guns and gunpowder; a few centuries from now he will have so greatly improved the deadly effectiveness of his weapons of slaughter that all men will confess that without Christian civilization war must have remained a poor and trifling thing to the end of time.
>
> * * * *
>
> It is a remarkable progress. In five or six thousand years five or six high civilizations have risen, flourished, commanded the wonder of the world, then faded out and disappeared; and not one of them except the latest ever invented any sweeping and adequate way to kill people. They all did their best—to kill being the chiefest ambition of the human race and the earliest incident in its history—but only the Christian civilization has scored a triumph to be proud of. Two or three centuries from now it will be recognized that all the competent killers are Christians; then the pagan world will go to school to the Christian—not to acquire his religion, but his guns. The Turk and the Chinaman will buy those to kill missionaries and converts with.

Colonel House's Propaganda

The *New York Evening Post* has been printing some interesting communications about Colonel House. One of them refers to the Colonel's idea that we would do well to institute a propaganda of research to bridge the gulf of misunderstanding that separates us from the minds of the German people. Apropos to this Mr. Dole in the *Post* of April 27 pushes the question, "Have we done our best yet in this direction?" The question is so pertinent, the issue is so pressing, and the inquiry is so refreshing in its independency and uniqueness that we are glad to make room for Mr. Dole's communication to the *Post*.—*Editor*.

> Have we done our best yet in this direction? Are not certain suggestions compatible with American "war aims," possible to put forth even now? The first one grows out of the fact that Mr. Wilson's repeated statements of the issues

of the war give it a quite different character from that under which it began four years ago. There was no idea at first that the war was being fought to change all the governments into the democratic pattern, to put an end forever to autocratic power, to remove the inhumane conditions which up to now have served as excuses for the freest of nations to keep armaments. Is this change of base real? Do the Allied statesmen support Mr. Wilson? Do we not then owe it to the "enemy nations" to go further than anything that we have ever said to make this immense change of aim perfectly plain?

Why cannot President Wilson truthfully say to them (of course, *after* the present German drive shall be, as we hope, distinctly arrested) that we have not fought all this time without learning anything, that our program, far from being one-sided, is devised to meet the needs of every nation—namely, a commonwealth of peoples without forts or armaments or even custom houses between them, with perfect freedom of the oceans, with a tribunal embodying the best public opinion of the world to guard the liberties of the little nations as well as the great? Why not in good faith offer a share in this new enterprise to the "enemy nations"? Their fanatical autocrats would deride it? Well, autocratic Tories and Bourbons in New York, London and Paris are not now enthusiasts for it. But who knows that even the governmental Germans cannot be persuaded to see good reasons for coming into it?

But we are not thinking merely of the autocrats and fanatics. We are thinking of the peoples, and especially of the thinking elements in the enemy nation. They need to know this new issue which changes the character of the war. How can they be imagined yet to know what a difference it makes in every direction? They fear us as bent on defeating and punishing them and destroying their country. What we fear from them, their rulers have led them to fear from us. They need to know that we do not merely blame them, but we are willing to take some blame for the bad international conditions which had everywhere characterized the world up to the outbreak of this war. They need our help to see that we offer them a practical mode of relief, in the advantages of which all the peoples shall share. No military victory by itself could so enable us to carry out our splendid purpose of securing a safe and free world, as would a sense on the part of the German people that the awful sufferings of this war are going to be of permanent use in banishing war from the earth and bringing the nations together in a new world order.

The questions to be settled are of the utmost complexity. Sore passions and prejudices and bitterness of long growth stand in our way. All the more reason why we in America shall use the utmost effort of humanity, in addressing our enemies, to assure them of what we intend to persuade them of our wish to enlist them in a common enterprise, yes, actually to make them understand that we desire to make honest international friendship the law of the world.

Are not these things involved in the terms of President Wilson's eloquent idealism? Would anything less practical than these things content American soldiers who are putting their humanity into the war? Cannot church people, so active in war work, "do a bit" in the service of both religion and country by a concerted effort to support and encourage the President, at the earliest psychological moment, to utter his message again so as to reach the minds of the German people? If nothing else was effected, our own people would be mightily helped by a fuller statement than we have yet had of the complete change of base which the coming of America and the statesman-like attitude of the English Labor Party have introduced into the war.

From New York Evening Post. *Charles F. Dole.*

"A Dishonorable Peace"

An eminent religious exchange forestalling any possible steps looking towards a negotiated peace, says that not even so eminent a leader as the Pope of Rome will be allowed to lead towards "a dishonorable peace." This phrase calls for analysis, even when used in the interest of piety and offered as a slogan of Christianity. "There never was an honorable war, there never can be a dishonorable peace!" is a phrase that has philosophy, statesmanship and ethics back of it, a phrase that is justified by the impartial student of history, by the reiterated judgment of great warriors, as well as great statesmen. But waiving the question of its universal application, it is a pertinent question as to when battlefield tests can be replaced by the tests of the council chamber. When will the time come when it is honorable for all parties concerned to hoist the white flag over the battlements long enough at least for a parley, or, if military strategy renders such an amnesty dangerous to both sides, why may not the discussion, which is already on in the newspapers, the cabinet meetings, in the agonized hearts of all the nations, be made organic? Why should the hunger for peace so profoundly felt in all the nations be interpreted by either party in terms of strategy? We hardly know how to use the new term *camouflage,* its connotation is as yet too uncertain, but perhaps the most lamentable *camouflage* in these days is the refusal to recognize the horrible emergency into which all the nations of the world have been precipitated.

When Lord Lansdowne contended in a recent meeting of the English Parliament that peace must ultimately come by negotiation, he was of course voted down, but there was a minority vote of profound significance. Soon or late the appeal to reason, aye, the bargaining of statesmen must come. How many more million lives must be sacrificed? How many more homes rendered desolate? How many more wives widowed and children orphaned must there be before it is honorable to negotiate for peace? What is more dishonorable than a perpetuation of this war with such a blind fury as to harden to all pleas and blind to all movements except such as are punctuated with blood-stained bayonets and mangled limbs. Is it the tyranny of aristocratic governments that is to be more feared than peace? What more aristocratic than war? What more tyrannical and undemocratic than the methods of war that are now the demand of all belligerents? Is it the rights of smaller nations? What more destructive not only to the rights but to the prayers of untold millions now in camp and trench than the perpetuation of this war? Call the roll of all the crimes in the calendar, all the wickednesses in the codes of God or of man and they all come to their supreme exemplification in war. It is indeed the sum of all evils, because all the evils that flesh and spirit are heirs to are not only necessitated but justified by those who in the name of Christianity and on behalf of the gospel of the Nazarene would warn a Christian world to beware of the negotiations of peace, even though led by one who by right represents the overwhelming majority of the Christian world.

Again UNITY reiterates its oft stated declaration that it is often possible to put a righteous cause in the wrong by a word. The saddest triumph possible to Kaiser and his damnable philosophy is to resort to his methods and accept his philosophy which is the philosophy of brute force, the philosophy of the sword as opposed to the philosophy of the ballot, the ethics of the ring as opposed to the ethics of the council chamber.

Should the Pope venture another plea to the fighting world, he will have put himself again on the side of the people against Kaiser, kings, presidents and czars,—if there are any czars left. He will again be negotiating with the future and history will have a halo for whoever leads the distracted world into peace, whether it be the Pope at Rome, the President at Washington, or the unnamed and unrecognized leaders of the working men of England and their holy allies throughout the agonized world. The hungry stomachs, the unclothed backs, the distressed and crippled bodies of the world can be endured and should be gladly borne in the interest of righteousness, but the suppressed intellects, the tortured consciences, the starving hearts, the wreck of ideals, the loss of faith in God and man incident to the perpetuation of this war, are the more terrible calamities which make all negotiations for peace holy. Any settlement in the interest of international councils, a federation across battle lines, will be a step towards the reign of love, the establishing of the Kingdom of God on earth.

We await with great anxiety another prayer to the battle-torn peoples from the Pope, or from any and every other source because we believe in the cross more than in the sword. If there ever was a time when these symbols were interchangeable and the cause of one was entrusted to the other, that time is not now in the awful complexity of the belligerent world.

Repression of Minorities

A republic cannot claim infallibility nor impeccability any more than a monarchy can. Its aims may not always be wise or righteous and its motives are always mixed. A democracy cannot exist without tolerance among its members. The treatment of minorities is the touchstone of democracy. In a democracy every good citizen is a "conscientious objector" to something. On some issue he must be in the minority. Every minority holds together in the hope that it may some time become a majority. If the minority represents folly, as is often the case, it soon evaporates in free air. Under suppression it becomes dangerous. Repression of minorities is the discredited weapon of tyranny. D. S. J.

Compulsory Military Training

The following bulletin issued by the Woman's Peace Party, National Office, 116 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, contains information of far reaching public interest, but information not likely to be much exploited in the current dailies, so we make room for it.

From Bulletin No. 1, New Series, published on April 2nd, 1918, by the American Union Against Militarism:

> Those behind compulsory military training are pushing two bills: (1) The well-known Chamberlain bill, the terms of which are familiar to most of the members of the American Union. This bill is in the Senate Committee on Military Affairs and will be discussed at some length in subsequent bulletins. (2) Senator New's amendment to the existing draft act (amendement to Senate Joint Resolution 124), which, in the guise of an emergency war measure, would fasten compulsory military training upon boys between the ages of 19 and 21. That amendment was decisively defeated in the Senate by a vote of 36 to 26, on Friday, March 29th, but the discussion revealed a situation serious in the extreme.

The movement for Compulsory Military Training is being financed by the American Universal Military Training League; Howard H. Gross, President; John K. Mitchell, Treasurer; 1333 First National Bank Building, Chicago.

In his recent report Secretary Baker made the following statement:

> The department has not sought, and does not now seek, legislation on the subject, chiefly for the reason that the formation of a permanent military policy will inevitably be effected by the arrangement consequent upon the termination of the present war. Civilized men must hope that the future has in store a relief from the burden of armament and the destruction of war.

Will you not write to your Congressman protesting against any action towards a permanent policy until we see the issue of this war? If it becomes necessary for us to adopt universal compulsory military training, this war will have failed to do what we are now determined it must accomplish.

A suggestion comes from the Legislative Committee of the Woman's Peace Party in Washington, that it would be good propaganda if all members from the different parts of the country would ask their Congressmen for material in regard to military training, both for and against such training, and then if they found themselves not convinced by the material in favor of military training, would write again to their Congressmen, stating their convictions and asking further questions. The militarists are besieging Congressmen with letters. Let us not fail to present our side also. It is possible that the bills will not be greatly pressed until after the fall elections, nevertheless, it is important to keep close watch of what goes on.

Very sincerely yours,

ELEANOR DAGGETT KARSTEN,
Executive Secretary.

Let us see that whenever we have failed to be loving we have also failed to be wise; that whenever we have been blind to our neighbours' interests we have also been blind to our own: whenever we have hurt others we have hurt ourselves much more.—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE PULPIT

Happy Hours with the Masters—My Debt to the Stage

WILLIAM DAY SIMONDS

This sermon is of necessity intensely personal. Whatever value it has arises from the fact that here is one man's experience, and here the conclusion of one unprejudiced student. I say unprejudiced. Once I was prejudiced against the theatre with a deep ingrained antagonism. It was my fortune to grow to manhood in the hill country of Vermont during that period when the Moody and Sankey revivals made our orthodox villages more severe and strict than ever. At that time, too, Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, then a great leader among church people, was thundering against the playhouse as the "ante-room of Hell." Well do I remember one widely quoted count in his indictment in answer to his own question as to the kind of people who go to the theatre. "Horse jockeys go there. Thieves go there. The lecherous go there. Spendthrifts go there. Drunkards go there. Lost women go there. The offscourings of society go there by scores and by hundreds." And so in lurid rhetoric he taught us to believe that the theatre was chief among the "Sports that Kill." Little wonder that one so taught should grow up in the opinion that practically all actors were bad men and most actresses immoral women.

So great an effect did all this have upon my good little mother, that when I left home at the age of twenty-one she exacted a solemn promise from me that I would never enter a theatre. Under that promise I came to Chicago to engage in a young man's first battle alone with the great world. For some time my promise was sacredly kept. But at length I reached the conclusion that it was my duty to see and know for myself. It was plain enough after a brief experience that I could not see the world through my mother's eyes. She had departed, as I knew, a good bit from the teachings of her parents, why should I be bound by the outlook of mine unless those teachings proved true and good. I would at least see for myself. But what a struggle with conscience, what a tempest in the brain. After a battle which now seems grotesque I purchased a ticket to Haverly's Theatre and to the play, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But as I waited for the curtain to rise I was so smitten in soul that had the building tumbled down about my ears as a punishment for my wickedness in visiting the "ante-room of Hell" it would have seemed entirely fitting. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that night was as beautiful as it is possible for the dear old play to be when all the meretricious "business" now introduced by managers without taste are omitted. Never since have I seen so noble an "Uncle Tom," and never a "Little Eva" so altogether lovable and angelic. I was entranced. I went out of the playhouse muttering, "Talmage lied. My mother was deceived. The theatre is a splendid institution. I am going whenever and wherever I can." Some weeks later I wandered into the old Chicago Coliseum, for at that time all theatres looked alike to me, and all good. The less said about the show the better. It was probably as bad as the police would permit, even in the days when Chicago was known as a wide open town. I left the house knowing practically as much about the theatre as I know today. Namely, there is a good theatre serving the best interests of society, and there is a bad theatre to be condemned and opposed by all decent people, both in and out of the church. And that is the whole case in a sentence. And both of these duties are, or ought to be, imperative.

But I hasten on to speak of my indebtedness to the stage, and of certain happy hours with the masters of dramatic art. As a teacher it was my duty to take successive classes through the play of Hamlet. I thought I knew something of the depth and beauty of Hamlet's philosophy. I was mistaken. Not until I saw and heard Edwin Booth as the "Melancholy Dane" did I dream of the wealth of mental treasure and all the varied forms of wit and poetry in that marvelous play. And above all the possibilities of the human voice as an organ of expression, it was a new revelation of the majesties of Shakespeare, and an introduction into a veritable Palace of Art. I heard Booth many times in many plays. I learned the story of his sorrowful life. His battle with temptation and misfortune, his lifelong effort to elevate the stage, the courage with which he met his private griefs, his strict integrity; it was all an inspiration to me when most I needed the help of the good and the example of the great. It is not too much to say that Edwin Booth was an inspiration to a whole generation of young men, for few in any profession have left a nobler record than this man, the son of an actor, and himself wholly a product of the theatre.

But there was one actor I loved more in my eager youth than Booth. Dear old John McCullough, the "noblest Roman of them all." He was so manly, so human, so like the rest of us poor mortals. As weak as Robert Burns with wine and women, but for all that a noble soul who struggled, and fought on, and did a world of good ere he passed to the "silence of pathetic dust." To hear him as Brutus was to really live in the Eternal City in the days of Julius Cæsar, and to come close to the nobility of Rome. Through all the years I can hear his death cry when there was no more to say than this:

> Our enemies have beat us to the pit
> It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
> Than tarry till they push us.
> . . . . . Countrymen,
> My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
> I found no man but he was true to me.

Brutus was the ideal Roman, and John McCullough was for all time the ideal Brutus. Never have the noble virtues of courage, patriotism, faithfulness, gentleness, self-reliance been more adequately portrayed.

I can but pay passing tribute to Lawrence Barrett, whose Cassius was every whit as notable as Booth's Hamlet, and whose influence upon art and life was without a stain, or to Tom Kean, often ranting it must be said, but with moments of real inspiration, or to stately Mary Anderson, whose sorrowful Jane Shore is indelibly imprinted upon my memory. Nor can I speak as I would like of Mansfield and Suthern, of Julia Marlowe and Mrs. Fiske, of Ada Rehan and Margaret Anglin, and other of the masters from whose work I have received pleasure and profit. All too little mention can be made of those foreign actors who have made life richer for the discerning of this generation by their genius. Who of us seeing Salvini

in Othello failed to almost worship a power so great and terrible. Cursed jealousy of the Moor and the black treachery of Iago, and the despicable weakness of swaggering Cassio, what a sermon, each victim entangled in the cruel web of falsehood. How we left the theatre abhorring that "divinity of hell" that lures an honest man to destruction with "heavenly shows." Remember, friends, when dealing with the question of the stage, that Othello, and all of Shakespeare was written by actors for actors. William Shakespeare, who has been called the "Emperor of Literature," would never have found expression but for the Theatre. We owe much of the finest and noblest in human speech to the theatre. Yet it is hated of small men and condemned by narrow souls.

In later years even the gospels have received a new interpretation by Forbes Robertson in the "Third Floor Back," and the old lessons of sowing and reaping in the great impersonations of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. But of all foreign actors I owe most to Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. Especially for the new understanding of the troubled course of human history I received through witnessing these master artists in Charles I. For the first time I then and there comprehended the inevitableness of strife and warfare among men no wiser than ourselves.

How could the elegant Charles I. with his courtly manners, his royal garments, his Van Dyke beard, and his mind possessed by the doctrine of the divine right of kings, understand Cromwell and his unwashed Puritans, or how could these plebeian men understand the King and Nobles. Impossible. War to the death was inevitable. So I learned a new charity in the study of the past and a new justice in weighing the present. There is something which drives men on. Let us be merciful in judgment.

And now I wish to speak affectionately of certain actors we can not quite rate among the masters. One of these I heard many times, and never understood why he did not become a star of the first magnitude. Success and failure are equal mysteries in this world which a friend of mine says, "goes wheeling round upside down." Joseph Hayworth as Robert Emmet certainly touched greatness. In his portrayal of the Irish Hero one could sense a people's unconquerable hope, a nation's indestructible faith, and there was all the tragic dignity of sorrow in his last speech, "My race is run—the grave opens to receive me and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is the charity of its silence. Let no man dare to write my epitaph. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written." John McCullough's leading man for many years, Heyworth, should have inherited his mantle and continued his work. He did not. Why?

And now I am to say something fairly shocking. If Sol Smith Russell was alive and if he was to give a single performance of "The Peaceful Valley" in our city tonight I should much prefer it to any sermon I could hear in any church. What a dear play it was, and how convincingly he impersonated the simple country lad who triumphed over all his enemies by virtue of his transparent honesty. There is no cleverness that equals the truth plainly and kindly spoken. There is no wisdom like the loving spirit. This was the fine teaching of Peaceful Valley as given by that delightful actor and good man, Sol Smith Russell.

And was there ever a more beautiful portrayal of the divine law of self-sacrifice than that given in Shore Acres by James A. Hern, the kindly old man finding all joy in life just in helping and loving others. And how gently Denman Thompson called us back to nature in the "Old Homestead." Did any one ever witness that play and not feel ashamed of the graft and selfishness of our modern striving after wealth, and the baubles of fashion. But I may not linger over the happy hours I owe to Crane, and Hackett, and our own David Warfield, and many a worthy actor known to fame.

But I may not forget, not for a single moment, my debt to players wholly unknown to fame, men and women of the mimic world who never saw their names emblazoned in electric light for the careless crowd to gaze upon. One such debt is beyond all estimate even after the lapse of many years. It pleased God that my young life should be darkened by heavy affliction, and by disappointment following disappointment, until all my days were drab with grief. One night I was walking the streets of Chicago, and if there was a more miserable man in all that great city he was surely deserving of human pity. For weeks I had not once laughed. I thought I could never laugh again, and that way danger lies. For when mirth wholly dies within the heart, madness is near. Not minding much where I went, in sheer desperation, I wandered into an old fashioned Negro Minstrel Show. Just as I expected it was all a dreary mockery, and much I marveled that men and women could laugh so foolishly. By and by there came upon the stage a black-faced artist, a man God has gifted with a genius for mirth, gifted with that infectious, irresistible, rippling laughter, not often heard. At first I caught myself smiling, and then a moment later, my sides too were shaking, as I was caught and carried on the wave of real jollity that swept the theatre. "Good God! I *can* laugh." This was my first glad thought. What an infinite relief. There were many hard days ahead, but never again a moment of such deep hopelessness as I had known. To that humble comedian I to this day owe heavy debt. He was the physician my grief most needed.

Once I heard that sweet little playlet, "One Touch of Nature," rendered by a group of wholly unknown players, with all the beauty, pathos and power which marks the best work of the best artists. Again I heard a common stock company give in "The Squaw Man" a finished and compelling performance. Seldom have I been so moved even by the master tragedians in their greatest impersonations. All of which goes to prove true one of my favorite theories, namely: that to every faithful worker there comes some hour of real triumph, when the miserable limitations that hold us common men close to the earth give way, and the naked soul touches greatness. I have listened to the most able speakers of our day, but I heard years ago from the lips of an unknown Methodist class-leader two minutes of pure eloquence, and that Emerson said was as long as any man could keep the heights. So my honest, plodding friend, plod on. Some day you will surprise your friends, and yourself. We are all winged, and don't know it.

And now a word, and a very serious word about moral and immoral plays There is a deal of confusion in the public mind, and often the pulpit is far afield, on this subject. A play that deals with crime

is not necessarily immoral. Nor is a play without a suggestive word or act necessarily clean. It all depends upon the evident intent and teaching, the subtle but informing spirit, of the writer and actor. If the normal, the legitimate, effect of the drama is to obliterate the gulf the Almighty has fixed between right and wrong; if the average well intentioned man or woman leaves the theatre with less respect for virtue, and less hatred of vice,—then was the play immoral though given by the masters and applauded by society. On the other hand the play may deal with man's perfidy and woman's weakness in such fashion as to strengthen all the forces of good within us. Such was my conclusion as I witnessed the conscientious work of that delightful actress, Frances Starr, in "The Easiest Way."

Here is a play that has been judged immoral. Yet few sermons have so moved me to a sense of the deep and damning injustice of our social order, or disorder, whichever it may best be termed. An average young woman of the humbler walks of life, not wise or strong, thrown into the temptations of a modern city, loving beautiful things shown her on every hand, luxuries she could have in only one way, resisting for a time, but for a time only, and then sinking lower, and lower, until at the close in utter horror, she exclaims, "Oh! My God!" I left the theatre with a new vision of what it means for the average girl to face modern life alone, and how certain it is, how mathematically certain, that a large number cannot develop the strength of character necessary to withstand all the temptations by which they are assailed. They are the victims of a current too strong for any but the strongest to resist. How long, I said, O Lord, how long before we shall too accept the truth of Gladstone's great statement, "That it is the business of society to make it as hard as possible for men to do wrong and as easy as possible for men to do right."

One night in London I listened to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's fine impersonation of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Another play called immoral in some quarters. But it all might have been written about Paul's text, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Here is a woman trying honestly and earnestly to escape from a bad past, yet that same remorseless past confronting her at every turn, making a well ordered life impossible. What a commentary it all was upon that favorite counsel of John B. Gough,—a man who knew—"Dear young people, *Keep Your Record Clean.*" Yes, keep your record clean, for in an hour when you think not, yesterday will throw its black shadow upon today. Such was the lesson of this so called immoral play.

Shall a minister confess that he once saw Florence Roberts in "Sappho." Well, I am glad and thankful that such was my privilege. I can almost hear her golden voice as I write these lines, repelling an old lover, who would tempt her to return to the bad life from which she had been saved by mother love, speaking as from the depths of an awakened soul, "I came into this world all wrong, but I am going out of it right." Not until I had made this noble resolution the text of a sermon, and the people said it was a good sermon, could I keep these words out of my waking thought. "I came into the world all wrong, but I am going out of it right." Here is a life motto for the sad multitude, weighted by inherited weaknesses, and cursed by the environment of the slum and the brothel. And to no small degree here is a life motto for us all. Not yet do men come into the world right, or into a right world. To go out of a bad world, right, "There all the honor lies."

But how shall we test, soberly and accurately, the value of the theatre? Just as we would test the value of the church or the school, or any other necessary institution. Try to think of society without it. We may criticize the church by the hour, but no one has ever been able to picture a tolerable human society without the public ministration of religion. It answers to an indestructible element in man, to a permanent need. It merits therefore the allegiance of the wise and the service of the good. There are men not a few who seek to convince us that the public school is a failure. But the moment we ask ourselves the question, "What would we do without it?" the balance of reason is restored, and we welcome helpful criticism only.

So, and not otherwise, with the Theatre. Try to think of modern life, sadly overburdened, mind and heart all but submerged in the world horror that we can scarcely forget even for a single hour, think of the homeless thousands in our great cities, without the relaxation, the diversion, and the re-creation of the theatre. Try to realize the loss to literature and life if the play-house had never existed to quicken the genius of the master dramatists, for without the theatre they were silent all from Æschylus to Shakespeare. What a loss to our own time if there had been no stage whereon the fine art of Booth or Irving, Bernhardt or Cushman, might come to rich and glorious maturity. The theatre answers to a genuine and permanent human need. It exists because it has a right to exist. There is no other just or sane conclusion.

KNOWING AND LOVING.

(I John iv, 20.)

'Tis not in visions that enthrall,
Nor wondrous signs, the mystic saith,
Nor dreamy mists that round me fall,
I find the reason of my faith.

I trust not in a God revealed;
I ask to know as I am known;
His life is not by flesh concealed,
It lives in me; it is my own.

Closer His being to my thought
Than man unto himself can be;
Out of His life, my life is wrought
And yet He lives to make me free.

I find myself in Him; I find
In Him my brother; He can make
Of twain one soul; that tie shall bind
Many in one, for Love's own sake.

Loving my brother man, I know
God, and my brother—know and love;
Know him because I love him, though
Knowledge is first, the sages prove.

Nay, love is first and midst and last;
All knowledge is from love indeed;
And faith the germ that love holds fast
The fruit of love's immortal seed.

—*Washington Gladden.*

"Billy" Sunday—A Violent Christian

Contemporary writers have a great itch for saying the last word, and many have endeavored to say it regarding Mr. Sunday. But last words are elusive things with poor staying powers. Mr. Sunday, of course, cannot object, for he above all others has a last word to say about everything. As one near to the Deity earth's secrets are all open to him. He is the great cataloguer of humankind.

Nevertheless, it is profitless to follow his example. Only the bookkeeper in the Mills of God will ever be able to strike a true "Sunday" balance. At the same time it is disconcerting to those of us whose proposals for the betterment of the human race have perforce to be elaborated to small audiences to have to witness Mr. Sunday attracting, and so easily attracting, his tens of thousands. Likewise is it natural that we should seek to explain this phenomenon in a manner satisfactory to our *amour propre*.

But it seems to me altogether unconvincing to dismiss Mr. Sunday's immense popularity by vaudeville analogy. Truly many go to his meetings to be entertained and find the diversion they seek. But the part is not the whole. Equally futile is it to dismiss this mass of humanity, or that portion of it which visibly reacted to Mr. Sunday's efforts, as the victims of hysteria or emotionalism. For has not half at least of the good in the world been produced by appeals to the emotional side of our nature?

In any way to explain "Sunday" crowds on the basis of inferiority is plain bankruptcy. For this is an abject confession that our own pipings and dancings have been futile and sterile. We have had an equal chance with Mr. Sunday at these supposedly inferior beings, to educate, stimulate and inspire, and this is the result. Verily the Sunday crowd is ourselves. We are of it in a fundamental sense. A visitor from another planet would fail to discover the slightest difference between us. So away with intellectual snobbishness!

Democracy would be a lie if Mr. Sunday, devoid of sterling merit, could attract the vast audiences which have thronged to him in the chief cities of the United States. His real nearness to the mass of men and women, despite aristocratic hobnobbings, has not, I fancy, been sufficiently recognized by his critics. Much more than other revivalists Mr. Sunday has democratized doctrinal religion. There is little or no ecclesiastical starch between him and the man and woman on the street. Respectability can get no start on a sawdust carpet.

It is, then, I suspect, some democratic quality which gives Mr. Sunday his power and vitalizes his peculiar eloquence. His New York visit would probably have been a success in any case, but it is important to remember that the opening of that campaign synchronized almost exactly with the entry of this country into the European war. Many prominent writers, amongst others Professor Gilbert Murray, have expressed the opinion that the war will either strengthen or weaken the religious instincts of the mass of men and women. Some, it is argued, will, in view of the tremendous tragedy of the war, flee from the church with curses upon their lips. But others, and probably the greater number, will, it is surmised, turn to the church as to a sort of sheet anchor in this time of elemental stress. Is there not here some further explanation of the "Sunday" crowds?

From the first Mr. Sunday not only supported the war, but supported it with all the energy of his virile personality. "Go the limit" was his first, last and only thought upon the great struggle. Nothing could be more natural or fitting than this, for Mr. Sunday's mind is a warlike mind. The criticism that he is mentally violent will surely stand. Evil is visualized by Mr. Sunday as a devil to be overcome by fistic encounter. One of the sensations of his meetings is his lightning passage across the platform and the flash of a fearful blow upon an imaginary devil.

But in speech even more than in gesture does Mr. Sunday betray the violence of his mind. Quite naturally Mr. Sunday's god is a violent god. Take the following extract, for instance, from the report of one of his sermons:

"Sunday told of God leaning over the bar of heaven and calling to the Welsh miner Roberts to lead in revival, 'the greatest revival the world has seen since Pentecost.' 'And God grabbed up that Welsh revival,' said Sunday, picking up an imaginary object from the floor, 'and he hurled it in the face of the knockers and said, "Take that, you mutts!"' And with the snap of a baseball player he spun about on one foot and hurled his figurative Welsh revival at the audience, which responded with ready enthusiasm."

When Mr. Sunday turns to Darwin and evolution, it is in this wise: "There goes old Darwin; he's in hell, sure! . . . I don't believe your old bastard theory of evolution either; I believe it's pure jackass nonsense." The pugilistic note is present when Mr. Sunday sells Liberty Loan bonds: "Buy Liberty bonds and help give the Kaiser such a solar plexus blow that his moustache will curl the other way." Violence is, in fact, so much in Mr. Sunday's mental make-up that the terminology of the ring comes quite naturally to him. Speaking of the growth of Christianity he says: "You can't stop it. You might as well try to dam Niagara with toothpicks. Many have tried to stop it, but all have taken the count, like that fellow Welch did the other night."

This, then, in my opinion, is the keynote to Mr. Sunday—a violent mind. Equally with Mr. Roosevelt the Big Stick is the sign and symbol of his philosophy. The friendship of these two men is a logical one, and it is interesting to note that during the course of Mr. Sunday's New York campaign he and Mr. Roosevelt dined together. The minds of both these men are eminent examples, in my opinion, of failure to understand that method of human progress which may be summed up in the words, "A Still Small Voice."

To Mr. Sunday, as to Mr. Roosevelt, the mills of God grind pitifully slow. The smoothing of the rocks by the age-long slipping of the glaciers into the ocean, or the rounding of the pebbles by centuries of rubbing against one another, is far removed from their idea of progress and accomplishment.

And yet surely the evidence is overwhelming that Tennyson was right when he spoke of the thoughts of men being broadened by the process of the suns, working in a million little ways, utilizing a million little things.

The devil is not the crude artificer that Mr. Sunday depicts. To hear him one would imagine that the devil's armory consisted exclusively of the saloon, the

gambling den and the brothel. At worst these are only the show-places of hell. The forces of evil operate on a much more extended scale and in much more elusive ways.

Consider for a moment the drink traffic, which bulks so largely in Mr. Sunday's mind, and which is the subject of one of his most remarkable sermons, a sermon violent in every sentence. The serried ranks of New York's saloons have survived countless evangelistic campaigns. They were there before Moody's time and they were there when that good and much more spiritually minded man than Mr. Sunday passed away.

Yet the saloon is passing and I am the last to suggest that the evangelists have not helped to remove it. But after all it is plain enough that the great force slowly and steadily strangling the saloon is the Still Small Voice heard ever in the myriad associations of our everyday life. It may be heard too through the rolling drums of the tabernacle, but I fear it is less distinguishable and less effective.

Where Mr. Sunday's work will be most enduring, I think, lies in his power to command the services of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of absolutely sincere men and women. Many of them are young persons with a fine, undamped enthusiasm to raise life values on this poor planet. A fair proportion of them will remain permanently in the forefront of progressive effort, as will also a fair proportion of Mr. Sunday's converts. I think Mr. Sunday performs for real religion and genuine progress much the same service that the yellow press affords for real reading and genuine culture. It puts the literary struggler on the lowest rung of the ladder and leaves him. Was it not significant that New York's chief yellow journal assumed a kind of unofficial press managership of Mr. Sunday's campaign in that city?

American millionaires who finance Mr. Sunday, because, consciously or subconsciously, they regard his efforts as a soporific for popular unrest and industrial discontent, are destined to be fooled. Large numbers of those who come under Mr. Sunday's sway cannot be halted when the millionaire puts up his hand and says "Stop." In the fullness of time many of these young people will be examining closely and earnestly the social and industrial organization of society and they will ask questions to which the millionaire can vouchsafe no satisfying answer. This is the eternal dilemma of the church. Essentially a conservative force, and supported in the main by conservative minds, it is nevertheless at all times throwing off splendid radicals by the very vitality of the teachings of Jesus Christ.

And so, Mr. Sunday, although you try us a good deal, we shall preserve in our hearts for you only brotherly love. We can afford to say to you: "Go to it!" and to wish you God-speed. Your sincerity, your industry and your other virtues will bring forth fruit; all else will perish and be forgotten, We should like to see some of your friends at the weekly meetings of the Society for the Propagation of Fundamental Democracy by Unspectacular Methods, but our faith is great and our purpose strong, and we believe profoundly that the Still Small Voice is on our side and that in the end our harvest will be greater than yours.

A. Vernon Thomas.

Black Man and White Man

The black man begins life with the most tragic handicap which Providence inflicts on any human creature. His is an outcast people, and slavery has been his lot through countless generations. The negro problem in this country has been mishandled from the very first. The introduction of slave labor in the new world was in itself the greatest of mistakes. If our fathers could have known the magnitude of the problem they were creating they would have much preferred a slower development of the rich new continent they had acquired.

The negro is a singularly adaptive creature, and from the beginning he found it possible not only to endure the chains of chattel slavery but actually to increase his numbers and prosper to a degree not accomplished by any other slave people in history.

Granted sudden freedom by Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, the slave found the world he knew and to which he had adapted himself falling to ruin around him. The South stopped still, the towns degenerated beyond repair, the fields lay idle under the sun. The negro found every wheel of industry locked in sullen lethargy. The proud Cavaliers had been beaten and impoverished but their pride had not been destroyed. They poured out the poison of their wrath on the defenseless negroes. They called them ignorant and denied them the franchise granted by Congress and ratified by the States as a Constitutional Amendment. They called him lazy and denied him work. They called him criminal and denied him justice.

So the lot of the average negro in the South has remained through the past fifty years at the same miserable standard of ante-bellum times. In some localities it is probable that his condition is even more pitiful.

The white man has always approached the negro problem with intolerant prejudice. Convinced from the first that black skin implied black heart, the bourbon South has never altered its attitude of fear and distrust. Some authorities believe that the passing of time only serves to make the problem increasingly grave.

There are now 12,000,000 negroes in the United States. More than one of each ten Americans is a black man or woman.

Any problem which concerns one-tenth of the country's total population is a problem of concern to every American. An injury to one is an injury to all. The treatment now shown negroes may in time be the treatment shown whites. A white man may be as easily lynched as a black one.

The negro problem is no longer one peculiar to the South. The negro is migrating in great numbers, seeking more tolerant localities and better working conditions. The emergency is one which concerns the whole country.

The negro race thrives in spite of persecution. It makes constant progress. It is possessed of tremendous energy, of great physical strength, of remarkable potentialities of culture.

Given equal opportunity and equal justice the negro will quickly demonstrate his fitness for the full obligations and privileges of citizenship. His mentality is not greatly inferior, he profits immensely by competent instruction, he is a good workman, he is optim-

istic and good-humored, he wants only a fair chance to make good.

The negro deserves at least the same degree of consideration at the hands of the American people as they grant to Japanese and Chinese emigrants. Surely he is not less capable, not less intelligent than the average emigrant from South Europe, certainly not less lacking in possibilities, not less capable of development.

It is not the black man's fault, but rather that of his white brother, that the negro problem remains unsolved. The law of the land grants him political equality, but the custom of the land keeps him in his old place, forbids him the advantages of schooling and experience, denies him the opportunity to offer his labor in the open market and keeps him as much a slave as it can.

It shames us all that we have allowed this crime to take place. If we allow it to continue to grow, we will be guilty of the gravest shortcoming. The welfare of the whole nation is at stake.

The great error of our treatment of the negro lies in our persistent judgment of the whole race by the standards of the very lowest individuals of the race.

We judge the negro not by the great men and women he has produced but by the miserable wretches who go mad and attack lonely women and die at the end of the rope.

We judge the negro race by its criminal class.

What a shameful malfeasance!

And our treatment of the negro criminal. What *can* be said in defense of it?

During the past seven weeks five negro citizens of the State of Louisiana have been seized on one pretext or another and horribly lynched by their white brothers. Five different times in less than fifty days a man has been deprived of his life by a howling mob of temporarily insane Louisiana people. Each one of these occasions has been a veritable orgy of evil passions, a hideous exhibition of the most bestial race hate. The men and women who took part in these riots put themselves on a far lower level than the poor wretches who were the objects of their wrath. They stooped to the least courageous and the most destructive of misdeeds. They themselves suffered far graver hurt in the crime in which they joined than did the men they lynched—no matter what the latter's crime may have been.

The evil which lynch law works is done among the people who practice it. The creatures whom these mobs destroy suffer no such injury as those who take part in the act which robs them of their lives. The mob remains alive and free to undergo a rapid degeneration which soon brings it to a far lower level than that of the men it kills.

What difference in social effect can there be between murder done by one man and murder done by twenty thousand men?

Only the difference between the number of minds affected by the experience.

Lynch law is an expression of the beast in man. True law is tempered with mercy and is an expression of man's noblest self. The two are directly opposed and cannot live in the same world. We must either do away with lynch law or abandon all pretensions to democracy.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

New York City.

Treason to Humanity

Despite the recent evidence that much of the bitterness engendered between the United States and Japan was due to perfidious German propaganda, such propaganda still continues and is today poisoning the American mind as surely as the vicious writings of Bernhardi poisoned the German mind and helped make war inevitable. At this moment, when the visits of the Japanese commissioners had seemed to bring our countries again into normal relationships, the sensational journal most read in America pours forth two columns of syndicated vituperation against "the very obvious designs of Japan." It insinuates that Japan may join with Germany and says that if west Siberia fell into their hands, "it would be a thousand times more dangerous to the United States than to have it under the influence of the Germans." It declares that "The war in Europe is merely a family quarrel compared to the terrible struggle that will some day be fought to a finish between the white and dark races for the domination of the world."

What the motive is in thus inflaming passion and sowing dragon's teeth, one can only surmise. But it is the devil's work and if not denounced from sea to sea will be taken by the shrewd people of Nippon as not only what we tolerate but what we believe. This awful war is demonstrating what hideous suffering can be inflicted on a whole community by the mighty ones of earth who can control the imagination and the prejudices of the millions who depend on them for the premises of all their syllogisms. The Hearst press is today one of these mighty ones and marshals its hosts of gullible followers as adroitly as Hinderburg his "Huns."

No more valiant knight ever buckled on armor to fight dragons than the author of "Anti-Japanese War Scares" who is fighting lies and prejudice which if persisted in, will vitiate all likelihood of peace on the Pacific. He exposes the hoax in the lurid headlines of the *San Francisco Examiner,* which published "Japan's Plans to Invade and Conquer the United States, revealed by its own Bernhardi, Written by a very powerful Society in Japan, known as the National Defense Association." This article was very widely reproduced. Prof. Gulick, whose twenty years in Japan made him familiar with the language, could luckily translate the added title, furnished in the facsimile, which showed that it was self advertised as a romance. It was by an anonymous author and Japan has no "National Defense Association."

A man whose testimony was sent to Congress reported that he saw thousands of Japanese at Magdalena Bay; on inquiry, he admitted that they were an eighth of a mile away, that he could not see their faces, that they wore Mexican trousers and sombreros, but some one had told him they were Japanese. Prof. Gulick quotes Mr. Carl Vrooman's statement in the June issue of the *Century* that he had been told by an officer of the staff of the War College at Washington that there were 400,000 Japanese soldiers in Mexico. On investigation, it was found by the official report of 1915 that there were fewer than 3,000 Japanese, male and female, in that country. The War College could not imagine the origin of this wild rumor so carelessly spread broadcast without verification.

An ex-cavalry officer told Dr. Gulick that there were 200,000 Japanese in the Philippines, appearing as la-

borers, three-fourths of whom were veteran troops. The Department of War showed the Japanese population in 1915 to be less than 8,000.

Lissauer's Hymn of Hate is echoed in "Look out, California Beware," which appeared in a five-colored full-page cartoon in the Hearst papers, the best lines of which are:

> They're a hundred thousand strong,
> And they won't be hiding long;
> There's nothing that the dastards will not dare.

This was featured with a hideous portrait of Japan stretching out long arms to seize Lower California.

The prevalent notion that the Japanese have Chinese cashiers in all their banks, as Japanese can not be trusted, is grossly false and has been repeatedly refuted. At certain treaty ports, where there are many Chinese, these men who are clever in detecting spurious money are employed as clerks. There are Chinese banks in Japan which naturally employ Chinese cashiers, but Japanese banks never do.

In 1913, Chester Rowell, a responsible political leader, published in *The World's Work* for June, "While I am writing these lines, a mob of 20,000 is surging through the streets of Tokio clamoring for war with America." The cable message from Japan was a lie to stir up strife. Who sent it?

Four days after Great Britain entered war, another lying cablegram was sent, this time to Japan, stating that the entire fleet had passed through the Panama Canal on its way to the Orient. Our fleet was then twice as powerful as Japan's. The excitement in Japan for twenty-four hours may be imagined. The sender of the telegram is reported to have been the German American Chamber of Commerce in San Francisco.

When the House Leader of the Republican Party stated in 1916 that "War in the Orient over commercial interests would be inevitable sooner or later," he joined with those who were giving comfort to governments with which we are now at war. The Germans wanted nothing so much as friction between us and Japan. Even as it was, the holdup of Japanese ammunition, possibly due to the scare about America, was one of the causes of Russia's frightful defeat that year.

The above illustrations are not exceptional, but typical. We have lent willing ears to German machinations and sometimes gone them one better. If there is any man today who should be branded as traitor to our country, it is whoever peddles fake news and suspicions calculated to create future war. His purpose may be prematurely to promote universal military training or it may be to promote further war profiteering. At all events, he discredits all talk of the three fundamentals of permanent peace, A League of Nations, disarmament, and removal of trade barriers. If that is his purpose, he is not only a traitor to his country but to humanity.

At present, law can not reach and silence him. It is imperative that an Oriental Commission, which has long been urged, be appointed by Government to report authoritatively upon all points at issue, all reports and lies which may embroil us, after this present agony is over, in a war which would mean the ruin of civilization.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XVI

The Origin of the Thought of Soul

> *Life is real, life is earnest,*
> *And the grave is not its goal.*
> *"Dust thou art, to dust returneth,"*
> *Was not spoken of the soul.*
>
> —*Henry W. Longfellow.*

Man was in this world a long time before he discovered himself. We find that pronouns are a recent addition to the vocabulary of man. Browning, trying to reflect the psychology of the lowest man available to a poet, does not give to Caliban any pronouns. He makes him speak of himself in the third person, like a little child, "Caliban seeth," "Caliban knoweth." Some teachers draw the line between the human and the brute creation at the dawn of self consciousness; perhaps it is a good point at which to start. A dog shares with man his affections, goes a great way with man in his conscience. He is faithful to death, is fearless to the limit and is thought by some to think and to manifest a power of reasoning. But he never comes to that point when he says "Why am I a dog?" Self consciousness is a gift of the developed life.

In this connection there are three or four fundamental phenomena rooted in universal experience, on which Spencer built his theory of man and soul. The far down primitive man discovered something at work inside, not his conscious self but working without his will and doing business that he knew nothing about. That same mechanism was working in the wrist. There was phenomena to be explained.

In the chase this primitive man stops and slakes his thirst at a spring. He stoops down and sees another fellow, not himself but looking just as he looks. On the hill slope when the sun is shining something is tagging him, a vague and shadowy something. He lies down to sleep at night. He knows where he lay down and what he did with his bearskin. He wakes up in the morning in exactly the same place, with bearskin and belongings intact, but he remembers with perfect clearness that last night he was out on the hill and killed a deer and brought it home.

With this real experience, he proceeds to guess about that something that follows him around, gets inside, meets him at the spring, tags him on the hill and goes hunting at night. There is another intangible self who is somehow associated with his breath. He knows that when he shall stop breathing one self will cease but the other will go on. What is breath?

The word breath is allied to breeze. We talk about a gust of wind and about a ghost. Breath comes from

the same root, *spiritus* from *spirare* to breathe, spirit that which breathes. So the dictionary justifies man's guess that he is double; one a tangible self, the other intangible but a fact. Etymologically, whether in Saxon, Greek, Teutonic or Latin, the ideas of soul, breath and wind are associated.

Anything that interfered or menaced this breath would be an evil and the development of a Devil was a great help in early man's theology. The Devil was afraid of prayer, hence we say *Gesundheit,* a primitive prayer, after a sneeze or a hiccough, thus beating the Devil. The Germans have another legend in which Peter Schlemihl is the hero.

Peter sells his shadow to an "old man in grey," who meets him while fretting under a disappointment. The name is a household term for one who makes a desperate and silly bargain.

But more than that Peter Schlemihl is the type of the soulless man. He lost his soul and in escaping the responsibilties and conditions of its possession he became merely a good machine. Dante, an earthly visitor in spirit regions, could be distinguished by the shadow he cast.

Tyndal made his great Belfast address when he was the distrusted goblin of the orthodox world, supposed to be allied to all non-religious and un-Christian things. He stated that the universe presents itself to our consciousness in two classes of phenomena. One class represented by the sensations that deal with tangible things which we can measure, weigh and calculate, divide perhaps and combine. Such phenomena appeal through the senses, eye, ear, taste, touch, in the last analysis are touch. The body takes note of color, receives sensations; the mind takes note of things that cannot be weighed or measured except by experience. Mind is functioned in consciousness. The other line of phenomena presents itself to consciousness in terms of emotion, hate, love, thought. Tyndal said if the alternative were forced upon him, of expressing the universe in terms of matter or in terms of mind he would unhesitatingly use the terms of mind. He said, "But I will not do it in either. Do not say I have to be either a spiritualist or a materialist. I must believe in both. I must recognize the sanctity of both. I must face the reality of both." Later both he and Huxley grasped a unification they found farther back in man's history that made body and mind two reflections of the same reality, which is the theory under the name of monoism asserted by my friend Carus.

These two classes of phenomena, the material and the spiritual are realizable perhaps in the one great ineffable mystery which one philosopher, Spencer, called the "Unknowable," a mystery which in religion some of us are willing to designate with profound justification of philosophy by the name God.

"If a man die shall he live again?" is a text from the universal bible, upon which we have many profound and inspiring intimations and expectations. There is such a thing conceivable, as a soul going out from sheer inanity; not enough of it to be worth saving. We cannot, however, conceive of a soul acquiring, aggressive, cumulative, being blotted out. We are prone to pay more heed to the diet of the stomach than we are to the diet of the brain; more respect to the laws of hygiene than to the higher analysis of the laws of the spirit.

A reinforcement to our lesson comes from a new young woman poet, Angela Morgan. Her last poem is entitled "God Prays." If you are puzzled by the psychology and theology of it perhaps H. G. Wells' "Invisible God" will help you to get her viewpoint. She voices a plea to God and his answer:

And the Lord God whispered and said to me,
"These things shall be, these things shall be,
Nor help shall come from the scarlet skies
Till the people rise!
Till the people rise, my arm is weak;
I cannot speak till the people speak;
When men are dumb, my voice is dumb—
I cannot come till my people come."

. . . . . .

"Thy people have travailed much!" I cried.
"I travail even as they," God sighed.
"I have cradled their woes since the stars were young—
My infant planets were scarcely hung
When I dreamed the dream of my liberty
And planned a people to utter me.
I am the Pang of their discontent,
The Passion of their long lament—
I am the Purpose of their pain,
I writhe beneath their chain."

. . . . . .

"My people are strong," God whispered me,
"Broad as the land, great as the sea;
They will tower tall as the tallest skies,
Up to the level of my eyes
When they dare to rise."

There is my lesson on the continuance of soul. Perhaps I am strangely incurious about the future because I am sure my thinking will not change my future destiny but I am profoundly persuaded that my administration of life will have something to do not only with my own career but with the career of others. I can say with Lincoln, who, when the preacher hoped "the Lord was on our side," replied, "I am not worrying about that but I am anxious that we should be on the Lord's side."

Life was a long while on the earth before it became self conscious, before it identified the spirit and the body in one consciousness and recognized the domination of mind. Then life started out on its high emprise of reconstructing the world, selecting, rejecting, utilizing, reorganizing material things. The lower life has forever been subordinated to the higher. Vicariousness is a profound law of the universe. All progress has been based on the death of the inferior. We must leave the round upon which our feet now rest if we are to stand on the next round. Life means resistance and more resistance. The peace man is a fighter, only he rejects absolutely the weapons of the pugilist.

QUESTIONS

(1) What was the thought of early peoples of the relation of breath and spirit?
(2) Give an illustration of probable early impression of primitive man of his intangible self.
(3) When were pronouns added to the speech of man?
(4) What terms did Tyndal use with which to express the universe—mind or matter?
(5) Which of these two expressions of life dominates the world ultimately?

EPIGRAM: RUPERT BROOKE

Earth held thee not, whom now the gray seas hold,
By the blue Cyclades, and even the sea
Palls but the mortal, for men's hearts enfold,
Inviolate, the untamed youth of thee.

—*Frederic Manning.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

PICTURES FROM A PILGRIMAGE.

Those who were so fortunate as to hear our pastor's incomparable sermon on "Mark Twain, the Cosmopolitan," will recall his apt reference to George Eliot's poem, "Agatha," where the simple-hearted, purse-poor peasant woman replied to the Princess Linda's questionings as to the value of going on pilgrimage to St. Märgen's shrine a second time: "And ever since that time the world seems greater; time stretched out; O, it is great to go on pilgrimage!"

It so happened that the writer was that very night going on pilgrimage to a "health shrine," and she wondered if by any chance the poet's words might find fulfilment in her case, and she be able of her own experience to say "it is great to go on pilgrimage."

The shrine of this particular pilgrimage is a beautifully tree-adorned village in Southern Indiana, in a fertile valley watered by the White River, and bordered on its east and west sides by mountain-like hills and bluffs. The health-giving water which lures tired and aching people thither comes from the same vein which feeds the other better-known Indiana resort. Most of the town lies east of the railroad, and, in parts, is compelled to climb up the high hills which are green but treeless save for the fruit and ornamental trees planted. But the high bluffs lying just across the river a mile west of town are thickly wooded, and the river bordered by stately sycamores.

During this first of May week everything was in bloom: fruit trees, dogwood, redbud, violets and all the early wild flowers, with tulips, lilacs and lilies of the valley in riotous profusion, dangerously near the sidewalks for flower-hungry, city-bound "strangers within their gates." (This quotation is but a figure of speech as the little city is fenceless and gateless.)

Here we found Sam Walter Foss' "house by the side of the road" sheltering "a friend to man." A congenial party of four had clambered to the top of the highest hill, up one street and down another, when, in passing one of the attractive homes we spied by the front entrance a clump of white violets. Thinking they were the exquisite English violet of rare and unforgettable fragrance, we could not resist stooping to inhale from the flower of blessed memory, when lo! the door opened and a pleasant voice said, "Take all you want of them." She then led us to the side yard where a wondrous lily-of-the-valley bed sent up countless bell-hung spikes of that dainty flower and again gave lavishly. Then, strangers as we were, upon our exclaiming over the beauty of the town as seen from the hills, she said, "Oh, but you should have carried field glasses. I have a pair that will sight thirty-five miles; won't you take them and go again to the top of the hill?"

This to utter strangers, and field glasses at a high premium! I am sure if she had had a white lilac tree she would have robbed it for us.

She gave us herself and her exquisite flowers, this dear lady in "the house by the side of the road," but did not give us her name. But we can never forget her.

It *is* good to go on pilgrimage! It is good to sit in the Solarium and study the women sitting there and construct their characters in your own thoughts, without one word of acquaintance with them,—then choose your model: There's the woman of sixty wearing reddish-brown fluffy hair when she should be wearing gray or white hair—and her hands—positively three fingers on each covered with rings, and garbed in the height of prevailing fashion,—garish colors, short skirts, and all. Then there's the sweet-faced, dignified woman of sixty with white hair and rich black or gray gowns made to properly express a woman of sixty who is not ashamed of her age. Then there's the tense woman older than her years, whatever they may be, because her life has been no bigger than her thimble measure and who would in half an hour give you her whole life's history if you gave her half a chance.

And the one who *likes* to pose as an invalid and who thinks that money and clothes will cover any amount of sins in the lack of education—but why continue? It is enriching to sit quietly by and watch the types—then go out into the sunshine and under the wonderful blue and white of the sky and take the River Road. Truly can the writer say: "It is great to go on pilgrimage"—but for one thing: She missed one of the enriching Mark Twain sermons that our pastor has so studiously prepared for his people.

NEAR WHITE RIVER.

"Who will walk a mile with me
On this May-day morning?"
Waving meadow, furrowed field,
Breeze and bird are calling;

"Come and walk a mile with me
To the winding river:
Wooded bluffs are waiting thee,
Calling, calling, calling."

Fuzzy ferns and violets blue,
Crab-apple and blue bells, too;
Red-bird, grackle, meadow-lark,
All are calling, calling:

"Come and walk a mile with me!
Come and walk a mile with me!
Who will walk a mile with me
On a May-day morning!"

MARY BADOLETTE POWELL.

Indiana, May 2, 1918.

A languid fly, coming to life now, flying feebly and easily caught, will be a million flies before the autumn.

Kill flies, and if you have a Boy Scout in your house, tell him that fly killing is as important in the long run as beating the Kaiser, and is highly approved by President Wilson.

HAVE A CLEAN-UP DAY IN TOWN.

"When the town of Mitchellville, Iowa, with a population of 900, decided on a general clean-up, a woman arose in meeting and promised the help of the women in every way possible. She suggested that perhaps about all they could do would be to cook a picnic dinner. Whereupon one man arose and gave it as his opinion that inasmuch as Iowa was in a fair way to have equal suffrage shortly and the Mitchellville women had been insistent upon it, he, for one, thought the women ought to work alongside the men on Clean-up Day. And work they did!

"While other towns were content, on such occasions, to remove the unsightly ash heaps that disfigured back yards and otherwise make more presentable the general municipal appearance, the Mitchellville workers decided there was no reason why every ablebodied man and women should not put in ten good, solid hours' work on the roads leading into the town.

"Roads, they argued, were a country town's principal asset, as without them

the country trade, which kept the town prosperous, was not forthcoming. What if there were an ash heap left at night, would it not be better to have a few miles of good roadway all completed, so the farmers could come in with produce and go back with their wagons and automobiles filled with all sorts of store goods?

"So men and women alike of Mitchellville worked all day long, though the sun was hot and the work was hard. Today the Mitchellville speedway, six miles long, is a monument to the efforts of the men and women of Mitchellville who decided that a Clean-up Day should mean something more than just idle talk and newspaper publicity."—*Farm & Fireside.*

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